

news you're not supposed to know.

nose WEEK

COVER
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

issue No 7

OLYMPIC HORROR FOR CAPE TOWN



But Ray, what's
in it for us?

WHO HAS
REALLY
WON THE
LOTTERY?

Shut up and
keep smiling.

- **MILLIONAIRE TAXED ON ILLEGAL FINRAND DEAL**
- **SECRET TRIALS HIDE SAAF DIRTY TRICKS**
- **NEETHLING APPEAL – MORE FLAWS**

Prick'n **P**ray Special

noseWEEK

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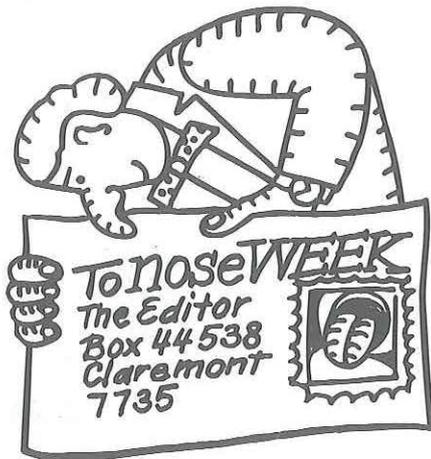
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Welcome, dear Reader

Imagine the sound of a Bach Medley, played relentlessly on a Japanese xylophone, but just as relentlessly interrupted by a posh lady scolding you to "Please be patient. Your call will be answered / U oproep sal beantwoord word". Again. And again. And again. That's how it's been here for the past three months.

Thank you for all your calls anxiously enquiring after our health. We are well. It's just that too few hands have been overwhelmed - with news, information, documents, subscriptions, enquiries. It's taking quite some re-organizing and time



MASONRY ON PUBLIC LAND

Dear Sir

Recent dramatic reports in our otherwise docile Cape Town press about an ordinary official in the Planning Department's suspected wrongdoing made me wonder whether the incident was not being used to distract the public's attention from offences against the public interest much greater in scope, and more serious in their implications, by much more senior persons inside and outside the Council.

Of particular concern are those issues which may not be obviously illegal, but which are patently against the public interest. I have noticed, for instance, that large sections of the Goodwood Showground have been sold off for industrial purposes. This is Crown Grant land which was given to the Agricultural Society free, gratis and for the proverbial nothing by the Smuts Government. It now appears - from the signposts on the site - that the great

to sort ourselves out in order to handle success. We will. But while we are doing it, we are determined not to sell you short on the quality of our product. So, for the time being:

(1) our issues will no longer be dated monthly, but will simply bear an issue number; (2) Subscribers will get their 12 issues, regardless; (3) We can all get rid of that edge in our voices.

This issue introduces a new series of profiles on the SA Reserve Bank's more famous clients, which we are sure will keep you - and them - tantalised and amazed. We have plans to travel to Europe to see Bob Aldworth, who we are sure could help us a great deal with our further research for the series. The Reserve Bank have taken the extraordinary step of blocking his old Barclays pension payments, as their personal punishment. Keep it up, chaps. By the time we get to him he should be properly angry and happy to spill the beans! We are particularly intrigued about the Reserve Bank's dealings with ABSA and its forefathers.

financiers of Hustler and the 087 sexlines, Syfrets, are playing a major part in the alienation. It may be perfectly legal, but to my mind, seen against the background of the Deed of Grant, it is wrong.

A massive office development on the old Vineyard Sportsground in Claremont raises a sinister possibility. Norwich Union is being allowed to build a high-rise office block on land that was zoned for single dwellings and on which for decades the Cape Technikon enjoyed "condoned usage" as a cricket field and open-air public amenity. The Norwich development is therefore not only a serious encroachment on a residential area - it means the loss of an open-air amenity in an increasingly densely populated area and a downgrading of a Cape scene attractive to residents and tourists alike. All to help a speculator earn a very quick million bucks or three.

Norwich Union in the United Kingdom is well known for its links with the Freemason Movement, which in turn has been deeply involved in some major property scandals there, including the "Poulson" and "Barlow Clowes" affairs. Your readers are referred to the recently published book on Freemasonry, "Inside the Brotherhood" by Martin Short.

In the New South Africa, with its supposed "transparency" in government, I feel the public is entitled to know if any Councillors

Bookshops controlled by CNA/The Literary Group, which include all branches of Exclusive Books, Bookworm and Pilgrims, still continue to banish noseWEEK from their shelves "for business reasons". Many reputable, independent bookshops and newsagents do, however, stock us. Call us for the supplier nearest you - and remember this when you are shopping for books.

In this issue we also finish some old business, in our second and final instalment on the Appeal Court's judgement in the Neethling/Vrye Weekblad case. Vrye Weekblad has closed, hounded to death by a legal system that has never had any need for the press. That is past. But the lapses of professional competence that appear in the Court's judgement must continue to raise doubts about the ability and integrity of the Judges of the Appeal Court - at a time when the country can least afford it.

Might we hope Judge Hoexter, author of the judgement, will seriously consider the evidence and the argument presented here. And then consider: Would it not be appropriate, now, for him, an elderly judge of status, to resign? As a gesture of honour. As a reaffirmation of the Appeal Court's commitment to the highest judicial standards - and of faith in our Common Law.

April 1994

or senior Council officials are Masons. It is certainly to be hoped that Masonic connections here are not playing a part in any questionable rezonings and waivers of the regulations.

Consider the Planning Department's subtle connivance at the underprovision of parking in these new developments. This not only saves the developers money - it burdens the neighbouring residential areas with an intolerable burden of parked cars. So intolerable - the developers (and planners?) hope - that in a year or two the remaining residents, too, will be desperate to sell up, to make way for yet another pension fund financed, rip-off development. I note that in Claremont the Woolworths development was allowed to expand into what were supposed to be basement parking areas, and next door The Link has been allowed to add a new floor - without having to provide extra parking. One way or another, it looks like masonry rampant.

RE
Rondebosch

[We note that in Cape Town Norwich's property manager, Mr Hugh Fichardt, is, indeed a Freemason. - Ed]

GENERAL NEETHLING

Dear Sir

How right you are that the Appeal Court appears to have got it entirely wrong about SAP Gnl Lothar Neethling. I certainly have reason to believe Captain Coetzee when he says that the Police General supplied poison to be used by a police hit squad. In 1975 when I visited the police forensic laboratories in Pretoria on official business, Neethling, under the most bizarre circumstances, boasted to me that he had developed a poison which would precipitate a heart attack and then be untraceable in the corpse of the victim. Neethling was also not such a trustworthy witness. Those interested might enquire about a statement he made to the police when he collided with another vehicle while driving under the influence of alcohol. He was persuaded to withdraw the statement and pay a hastily arranged admission of guilt fine when it was explained to him that a lying witness had no career as an expert police witness. I am prepared to testify to this under oath.

Ex official of the Department of Justice.
Cape Town.

The Argus, Wednesday January 26
1994

QUOTELINES

* Time is the thief you cannot banish. -
Phyllis McGinley, American poet and
author (1905-19780).

She seems to have banished it!

BRITISH AIRWAYS

Dear Sir

I heartily endorse the complaints regarding British Airways (noseWEEK 5). If the chairman of BA really believes that they are "The World's favourite airline" then I think he will be hard-pressed to find someone to second that opinion. Regarding the lack of toilet facilities in economy class, I have been told BA removed two toilets to make room for extra passengers. On a rough headcount on my last (and I mean my last) trip from Johannesburg to London with BA, I counted 100 seats in that section. To make matters more interesting, within an hour of leaving Johannesburg someone had blocked one of the toilets by some appalling means. Which left one toilet for 100 passengers. When told, the chief steward was neither prepared nor equipped to do anything about it — when all that was required was a stick and a peg for one's nose.

Still on the subject of air travel, can anyone explain why SAA have just increased their return fare from Cape Town to Miami by a massive R800? That's the sort of thing that gives thieves a bad name.

J Pasacovitch
Sea Point

CHEAP CHEEP

Dear Sir

I have admired your coverage and fearless comment on a wide spectrum of dishonest practices. I was therefore particularly pleased to receive your notification that I am the recipient of a gift subscription to your publication.

I am, however, puzzled by the word "cheak" - as in "South Africa's cheakiest news magazine" - in your notification, and would be pleased if you would enlighten me so that I may know what to expect!

R A Heugh
Rondebosch

Tongue in - what else, you cheeky fella?! - Ed.

Dear Sir

Your Oct. 1993 copy certainly woke me up. We are becoming increasingly disinterested in the *why* of things, simply accepting them as given. Could it be that we fear to scratch below the surface, in case we might regret what we might find, or because we might feel obliged to do something about it?

So many subjects come to mind for investigation — Johannesburg City Council (Cecil Bass, armed to the teeth with self-interest, in the vanguard), ABSA and its telephone taps and other dubious connections (what ever happened to Bob Aldworth — is he well, or just languishing in splendour?); George Bartlett ... does he really know which day of the week it is? ... and the SA oil business/lobby/cartel.

I am looking forward to my regular monthly update. I admire your courage.

Peter Hall
Parkhurst

HARRY, VIV AND BASIL?

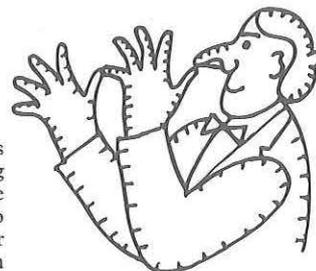
Dear Sir

First National Bank know how to reward good service. They've nominated friend Viv Bartlett, FNB General Manager, to membership of The River Club, Jo'burg's most exclusive Old Boys club - Directors: DE Cooper, John Maree, CDM Melville, HF Oppenheimer, RS Napier, AM Rosholt. I think the unfortunate creditors of the late lamented KPL-ETSA (see noses 4, 5 and 6) ought to be told.

I Spy
Johannesburg

An Open Letter to Exclusive Books

The Manager
Exclusive Books
Cape Town



Dear Madam/Sir

I have always enjoyed shopping at Exclusive Books. I also regularly order books from overseas through your bookshop. Thus I read with horror that you are prepared to stock porn magazines but not noseWEEK. I can only assume the reasons given in noseWEEK are true since it is difficult to account for this absurd censorship in any logical manner. I shall accordingly boycott your bookshop until I am able to buy my noseWEEK there.

Yours faithfully
Wendy Powell
Rondebosch

Dear Sir

Could you please provide me with a list of independent bookshops in the Cape Town area?

John Cartwright
Department of English
University of Cape Town

List provided — Ed.

THE RIVER CLUB LIMITED

21 January 1994

CIRCULAR TO ALL MEMBERS

The Committee have asked that the names of:-

Clive Grinaker	-	Son of member
Kim Kirby	-	Daughter of member
Bill Jack	-	MD : African Life
Doug Smollen	-	CEO : Fred C Smollen
Paul Harris	-	Dep MD : RMB
Viv Bartlett	-	MD : FNB Investment Bank
John Houghton	-	Anglo American
Selwyn MacFarlane	-	Fin Dir : SAB
Richard Charter	-	Chairman : Osprey Aviation
Tony Ellingford	-	Barlows/Reunerts

who are being considered for membership of the Club, be circulated.

Should you wish to comment on the candidates, kindly do so by contacting any member of the Committee by not later than Tuesday, 22 February 1994.

In order to prevent possible embarrassment, members are requested not to discuss progress of membership with the prospective candidates whose names have been circulated.

R. Q. YATES
Manager

Tel: (011) 783-1166
Fax: (011) 884-7248
PO Box 650275
BENMORE 2010

Directors: DE Cooper (Chairman) JB Maree CDM Melville RS Napier HF Oppenheimer AM Rosholt

NO TRIBUTE TO HOWARD

Last year noseWEEK noted that one of the members of the **Howard Commission on Gambling in South Africa** failed to disclose his company's involvement in an early lottery scheme that collapsed and, three years later, has still not accounted for its ticket sales. The commission member in question was, of course, **Mohale Mahanyele**, Executive Chairman of **National Sorghum Breweries (NSB)**. And the lottery scheme NSB prefers not to talk about these days (the files, according to a spokesman, have been closed "for political reasons") is Skillball. Tickets were sold through NSB's liquor outlets in the townships, but no prizes were ever awarded. Presumably NSB — and Mahanyele — hoped to keep it quiet because they are hoping to move on into the football pools market together with **Times Media** and the ANC's **Thebe Investment Corp** — plus whoever else needs to be paid off.

According to a notable exposé published in the December issue of **Tribute** magazine, Mahanyele has all the qualities it takes to thrive in muddy, crocodile-infested waters. Listen to **Tribute's** introduction to NSB under Mahanyele: "Jobs for family and friends. Fraudulently paying out for services which were not rendered. Tapping telephone lines. Awarding contracts in a bizarre fashion, and a luxury,

top-of-the-range Mercedes Benz changing hands." In short, it says, "a can of worms and Pandora's box rolled into one". When he heard that **Tribute** planned to publish the article, Mahanyele offered to make a substantial investment in **Tribute** if the publishers ordered editor **Jon Qwelane** to scrap it. Qwelane won the showdown that followed, and a director of publishers, **Penta Publications** — the grandson of a certain famous **Brigadier Venter**, who had been keen to accept the deal — has since resigned from the Board.

No wonder the Howard Commission Report did not even mention the possibility of open hearings and public scrutiny of applicants for casino and lottery licences.

P.S. Asked by an admiring reader why he was not a candidate in the April elections, Editor Qwelane replied: "The only person I know of who went to Parliament with honest intentions was Guy Fawkes."

WHO'S WHO

A great deal of secrecy and cloak-and-dagger still surrounds the contenders for licences to run a national lottery, operate casinos, football pools, dog races and all the other traditional pursuits of the underworld. We wonder why? Look who some of them are: **The Krok brothers** who made their fortune out of selling skin lighteners to black people; **Stocks and Stocks**, a large construction company that benefited hugely from government patronage in the apartheid era, **Times Media** (what can one say? - except, perhaps, that we are not likely to hear anything about the hazards of privatised gambling from the English Press). Which reminds us: journalists on **Argus Group** newspapers might wish to look into the previous lottery interests of their new Irish boss **Tony O'Reilly** — besides being the boss of food giant **Heinz**, he was also a director of UK company, **Golden Grid Ltd**, the first to operate a commercial lottery clothed in charity ... you guessed it

... Skillball. In England, too, Skillball quickly went bust owing creditors many millions.

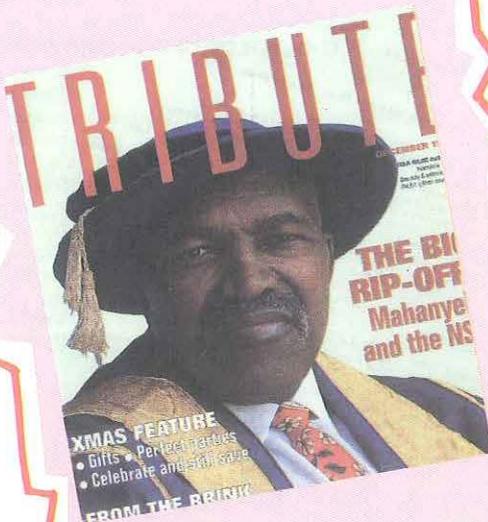
A GREAT LOTTERY WIN!

And then there's good old **Ithuba**, whose lottery games are operated by an intriguing company called **Games Africa (Pty) Ltd**. They claim to be charity lottery operators, but give many millions more to themselves than they give to charity. Board members of **Games Africa** include such well-known international do-gooders as Messrs **Rechter, Grunveld** and **Steingart** — all resident in Israel. Which is about all they have bothered to tell us about themselves, keeping details of their military and financial connections to themselves. (Grunveld ... any relation of Mafia banker **Vito Palazzolo's** Israeli business associate, father-in-law and front man, **Meir Grunveld**, more recently of Cape Town?)

Ithuba apparently means 'opportunity' in Xhosa and Zulu — when all the while we thought it must mean opportunity in Hebrew! (Scratch cards called 'Goniff' or 'Chutzpah' probably just wouldn't be as catchy.) Oh, what opportunities for philanthropists in the world of scratch cards and Lotto!

There are, of course, famous local philanthropists on the board as well: **Gibson Thula, Bill Yeowart, Richard Biesheuvel, Jack Desmond, Milton Lutrin, Eric Ellerin** and **Henri Vorster**. (Apparently **Ithuba** can also mean opportunity in Afrikaans, as part of our Christian National heritage.)

In 1992 **Games Africa**, a private company whose founding directors had some curious high level connections (e.g. **Barend du Plessis**) and an equally curious business past (but no lottery expertise), managed to clinch an amazing deal with the old regime at the **SABC**: a contract giving them the sole rights to run lottery shows on all SATV's channels, for three years — without tender or public enquiry. And this in the face of strong opposition from all South Africa's major welfare organizations and when the whole enterprise was still officially illegal. Since TV exposure is essential for any national lottery, this effectively knocked out all possible competition from other operators. And any succeeding **SABC Board** which might have wished to



SECRET TRIAL TO HIDE CCB AIR UNIT

undo the dirty deal, is faced with a possible civil claim for hundreds of millions of rands in damages by Games Africa. Games Africa is controlled by **Kardan Ltd**, a company listed on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange. That piece of paper given to the men from Tel Aviv by the men at the SABC, could be worth R300 million or more in private profit in just three years, — a large part of it to be paid out off shore!

SABC Director-General, **Wynand Harmse**, and his deputy, Mr **Quintin Green**, were so desperate to get the contract awarded to Games Africa that they brazenly lied to concerned welfare organisations and the public about their intentions. And the government clearly has no plans to do anything about it. Why not? Why not indeed! We would not dare suggest that Games Africa is anything but one of those rare, straight up and down lottery operators. Which is very nice, since lotteries the world over have traditionally been controlled by the **Sicilian Mafia** and their Jewish

A reader's letter in nose 4 talked of the mysterious **Angola Section** in Foreign Affairs that was housed at 10 Hamilton Street in Pretoria. A curious break-in took place there last year — at about the time Minister Botha was piously protesting South Africa's innocence of any involvement with Unita. Well, it seems more about that mysterious section is about to emerge in a secret trial in Pretoria, together with the startling revelation that the notorious **CCB** had an airforce wing as well.

One way or another, it seems, the truth will out — about the CCB and also about South Africa's continued involvement in the Angolan civil war on the side of the rebel Unita movement, which, having lost the democratic elections, has now set about burning down Angola's cities. Would **Mr Pik Botha** mind explaining how continued support for Unita might be in South Africa's interests? Or are we simply helping to keep open smuggling routes for diamonds and other black-market goods that have made some of his friends so rich?

Perhaps those courageous journalists on the Pretoria News, Beeld and Business Day would like to ask the Judge President of the Transvaal, **Mr Justice Eloff**, why trials in his court continue to be held in secret to hide the liars in government, and to protect our political masters from the embarrassment they so richly deserve? Of particular concern are three linked civil cases: the files are to be found in the Registrar of the Pretoria Supreme Court's safe under reference numbers 4262, 4263 and 4264, all of 1993. Those curious about the three cases, might also ask their friends in high places about "**Project Pasload**" and "**Project Gauntlett**", CCB-type projects that were, until recently, run by the Airforce. Central to these cases are the carefully designed fictional cut-off mechanisms that were supposed to protect our leaders and their collaborators from blame when the dirty tricks went wrong or were found out; the mechanisms that are still used by our State President in order to be

able to claim that he knew nothing about hit squads, and that he will ensure that the "few renegades" are brought to book. Well, a surprisingly large number of these "renegades" are just as determined to prove that they were no renegades, but loyal troops who were acting on the highest authority. All of which also suggests a logical explanation why the top echelons of the Police are prepared to support the three generals so belatedly accused by **Judge Goldstone**, and why **Hernus Kriel** and company are still furiously negotiating massive "retirement" packages with all the supposed renegades and their friends: Maybe, knowing that it was general policy, they are unwilling to see colleagues made into scapegoats — unless, of course, the price is right?

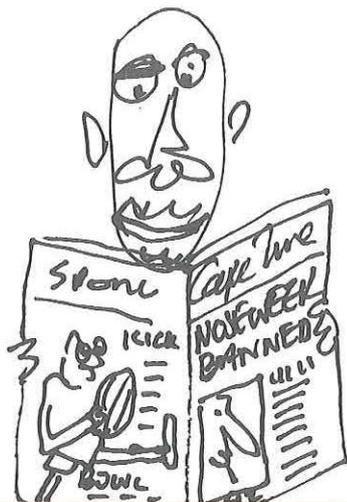
MYSTERY EXCESS ARMS PAYMENTS

Remember our interview with Dr **Reschel Rhodie** (nose2)? He told how he — and others — suspected that certain powerful people in high places had for years been creaming off huge sums of money from the **Defence Procurement Fund** by inflating the price of secret weapons purchases. He thought they might have been using this device to build up a massive secret, offshore slush fund.

Now, among the documents filed in a Transvaal Supreme Court case, there is evidence of such tampering with invoices, to artificially inflate the overseas payout for arms.

In the case, Portuguese arms dealer **George Pinho** is suing Armscor for commission on certain arms sales. It seems that in at least one case the Procurement Fund's accounts in Pretoria show a substantially higher figure was paid into a Swiss bank account — for a batch of armaments than the amount actually paid to the supplier, or on which his commission had been calculated. Maybe it's time the Generals and the Government explained who's been collecting the difference? And why? ■

Fantasy of the rich and famous by Gus



or Chinese mobster partners, in order to generate ready cash off the books (handy for bribes and political donations), and to launder the proceeds of crime. They have even been used by intelligence agencies to pay spies and to fund revolutions and secret, off-the-record dirty tricks departments. Intriguing thought: we could set up a privately operated "welfare" lottery and use the vast profits (and maybe even some of the prizes) to subsidise a few mistresses; Israel's nuclear programme (somebody has to take up where the Nats left off!); and even a rightwing political party or two (in Angola, in Zululand — or even in exile).

First of a series of profiles of the SA Reserve Bank's more famous clients

WITH A LITTLE BIT OF HELP FROM SOME (OLD) FRIENDS

US-born Dr Robert Milton Hall, permanently resident in South Africa since 1981, self-appointed ambassador for the South African government and advisor to the Reagan Administration, has often expressed the need to "give something back to South Africa".

Now, finally, it seems he is to be taken at his word: the Receiver of Revenue has decided to tax him on his illegal Financial Rand earnings. And last month the Police Commercial Crime Unit seized all his records and those of his companies and Trusts at Ernst & Young's offices in Cape Town.

Dr Hall was born and reared in the USA, but describes himself as a "detrified South African convert". In 1989, when donating R30 000 to Denis Worrall's election campaign, he declared: "I just love this country. I love its Christian background, its beauty, and the sense of honesty and terrific moral fibre of its citizens". He claims to have "a burning desire to help South Africa succeed". Our Uncle Bob, you will find, has a great way with words! And with politicians. And with money. And with the truth. In fact with Dr Hall, things often aren't what they might appear to be. He would even have you believe self-indulgence is an admirable form of patriotism.

As the TV programme he produced about himself puts it: "He is a man whose energetic brain is teeming with ideas." (The grey eminences at SATV liked it so much, they even gave it a repeat broadcast last year.) One of his most original ideas was working out how to be a South African without being a South African. Proudly.

He knew how never to pay tax, and how to make a living out of fiddling the Finrand. It worked, as these things do, for a while. Actually, quite a profitable while. But now the doctor may find

himself sharing the unique tax status traditionally given to professional prostitutes, who are required to pay tax on their illegal earnings.

The story we have to tell is curious and amazing. But even more interesting is what it reveals - yet again - about the incompetence and strange actions of the South African Reserve Bank.

What special hold has Dr Hall got over officials of the South African Reserve Bank that makes them indulge his repeated and extremely profitable contraventions of the Exchange Control laws? Do they secretly sympathise with his curious, right-wing views? Is it because of his declared support for the "Buthelezi Option"?

Or is it the fact that he appears to have made a successful lifetime career of self-

POOR MAN

promotion as a Nobel Prize nominee? (Failed 1972.)

If it is his millionaire status that's had the Reserve Bank in awe all these years, the Receiver's move has prompted the ever-inventive doctor to claim a new status - as South Africa's poorest millionaire! The man South Africa knows as the one-time owner of the Leeukoppie Estate (sold to Sol for R2,5 million), now resident of the Stellenkloof mansion at Helderberg (with swan lake, orchid house and show stables - cost ten years ago: R2 million plus), world traveller and generous benefactor of sundry politicians, has told the Receiver of Revenue he is really, if the truth be known, a poor man. So poor that his only income is a social security cheque for \$650 each month from the American government; all he has saved is \$2650 in his account at the Wells Fargo Bank in America.

He has to be poor, because, since arriving in South Africa in 1979, he has never declared an income or paid tax, here or anywhere. Each year he has

rendered a nil return to the Receiver - with occasional help from Ernst & Young, who even helped disguise some inconvenient income (R600 000) into a tax free capital gain. (Unfortunately, the Receiver appears to have got wise to that, too.)

To achieve this incredibly valuable poverty status took a few lies, a bit of flimflam, and lots of help from his various influential friends - most recently that of Cape Town's most famous accountant, Robert Lees Lumb of Ernst & Young (also auditor, by appointment, to Masterbond). But more about that later.

By his own account, Robert Hall is a mediocre dentist who, 30 years ago in America, struck it lucky and has never had to work again. In the true American way, he made good on a single bright idea. Why not upgrade medical hand-tools to power tools?, he thought one day - an idea which he managed to patent, and then sell for a few million dollars. (Someone else actually developed the tools.)

Becoming a millionaire dentist left Hall burdened with the responsibilities of genius: advising the leaders of South Africa and the World on how to run their affairs.

On 7 January 1981 Dr Hall formally applied for, and was granted, permanent resident status in South Africa. His passport was so endorsed.

Not long afterwards - he claims it was on the advice of the then foreign exchange manager at Barclays Bank, Mr Ticky Gill, who was a guest in his home at the time - Dr Hall wrote a letter to the Reserve Bank in which he solemnly lied that he was not permanently resident in South Africa. Barclays Foreign Exchange Division formally submitted the letter to the Reserve bank on Dr Hall's behalf.

Mr Gill has, of course, since become a leading light at the Reserve Bank.

Ever since then, until today, Dr Hall has been treated by the Reserve Bank as

a non-resident, and been allowed to do repeated finrand deals which, by law, are denied to permanent residents.

Earlier this year Mr John Postmus, General Manager: Exchange Control, at the Reserve Bank found it necessary to inform readers of the *Sunday Times* that South African residents are not permitted to establish Trusts abroad to harbour their funds.

Since the early 1980s the Reserve Bank has known that Dr Hall operates his off shore business interests through a Trust registered in Jersey and a Panama company, known as the Grada Corporation. He has, from time to time, declared so himself. So transparent is his ownership of Grada Corp that he does not even bother to get one of the front directors in Switzerland to sign contracts on its behalf. Instead, he brazenly fakes Marlene Boesch-Weber's signature whenever the occasion demands.

But on 30 November 1992, in reply to the S A taxman's increasingly pressing demand to see the accounts of Grada, CISA, a trust management company in Geneva well known in certain off shore business circles, sent Dr Hall a fax for him to hand to the Receiver. As you would expect, it read: "Grada Corporation is a Panamanian corporation and as such has no accounts. Consequently we regret that we cannot comply with your request."

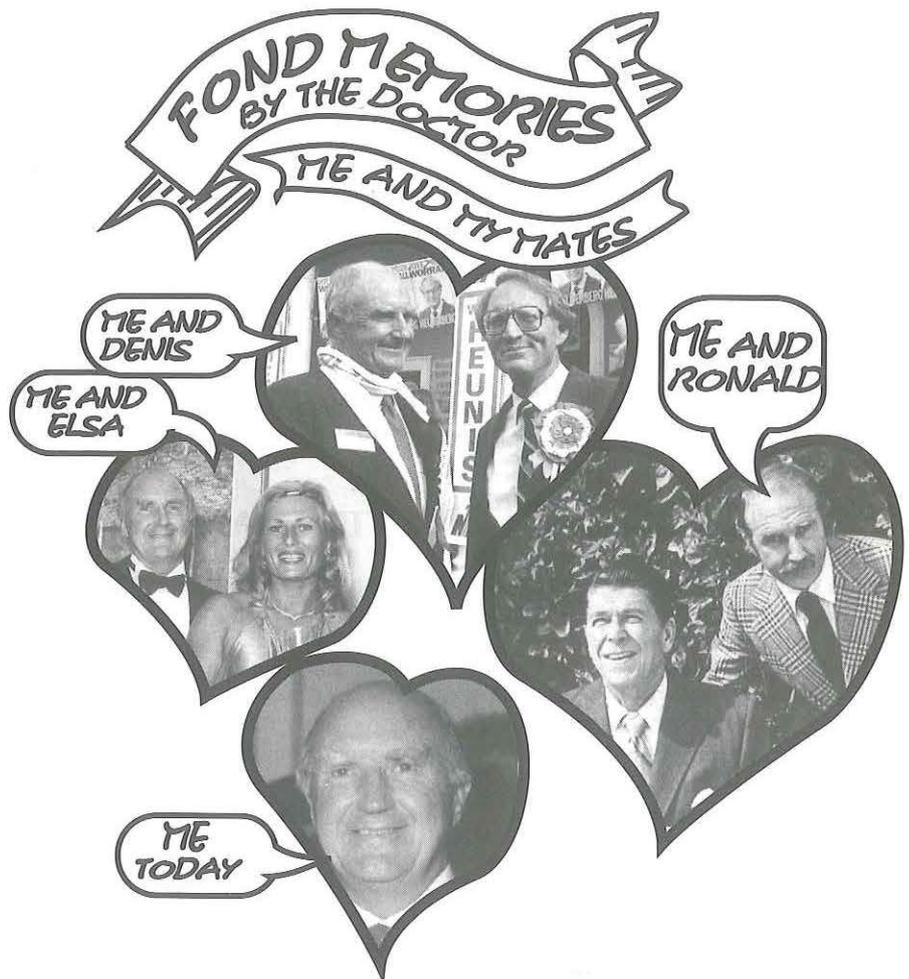
And the Receiver is supposed to believe that?

As recently as March that same year, at a special meeting held at the Reserve Bank in Pretoria, Hall is recorded telling officials and his own bankers, FNB, that he had "an investment/interest" in Grada.

John Postmus at the Reserve Bank has confirmed in court papers that he received a formal complaint about Dr Hall's dealings in 1990. He claimed to have investigated the matter but, he said curiously, he could not remember what he had done about it, or what the outcome had been.

None of the Reserve Bank officials who have been entertained by Dr Hall at his home in the Cape have asked to see his passport to determine his resident status. Not that they need to; he frequently declares himself a South African permanent resident from public platforms.

But, as far as the Reserve Bank is concerned, ignorance is, and remains, bliss!



When Dr Hall left America in the early Seventies, he announced he had been invited to Germany to apply his inventive genius there. It also happened to be at the time when the US Internal Revenue Service planned to collect some tax from him. (Currently still outstanding: \$2,1 million plus interest. Total \$16 million.) Not surprisingly he says he has cut all ties with America and never intends to return.

He left Germany without leaving a forwarding address, just as German industrialist and publisher Hans Grimmig (of the massive Springer Verlag) - who had paid him an advance of 40 000 Swiss francs - was becoming disillusioned with Hall. Grimmig would later come to South Africa in search of his money. Arriving in Cape Town in 1983, he called Hall: "He denied knowing me and also denied ever having been to Germany," said Grimmig, recalling the conversation. "I feel that such deceitful conduct should sooner or later have legal consequences."

From Germany Hall moved to England, where, having divorced his second wife in America, he became the live-in lover of a wealthy county lady, Pegotty Ann Henriques. When, in 1979, she eventually showed him on his way, he went to Court to claim a half share of her house. He lost the case - and promptly absconded to SA without paying the court costs. Only years later, when she sued him in South Africa, did he finally pay up.

In any case, he had met a nice new lady, with a lovely family home, in Cape Town, and the Foreign exchange manager at Barclays (now FNB) headoffice, Mr Gill, and his friends at the Reserve Bank were delighted to assist the new immigrant. He has never looked back.

He became a name on the political scene: at the beginning, quite naturally, as a Nationalist. A small Cape wine farm, with 200-year-old Cape Dutch manor house, created the perfect setting. He treated his local Nat MP, Chris Heunis, to dinners and a R10 000 donation, and made a pro-South

African video with Chris Barnard.

In 1987 he decided to throw in his lot with "Independent Prog" Denis Worrall - against old friend Heunis. Worrall lost and Dr Bob was back with Heunis and the Nats. But not for long. In 1989 he summoned Dr Andries Treurnicht and Gaye and Clive Derby Lewis to dinner at Stellenkloof, and promised his support to the Conservative Party. In 1992 he was a leading light in the Free Cape Movement and hosting Dr the Hon Mangosotho Buthelezi at a public meeting in Stellenbosch. The Free Cape Movement, he said, subscribed to the Buthelezi Option.

More recently, he claimed to be advising the TEC, and Leon Wessels in particular - whom he promptly defamed with personal observations that cannot be repeated here. Mr Wessels's office has since denied that Hall is an advisor. "I'm far right. I've never deviated," Dr Hall recently asserted.

That much might be true: The one tie he has maintained with America is his friend Howard Philips, leading light of the militant Conservative Caucus. ■

**Nose
Notes**



LESSON IN ANATOMY

Sexual harassment in the workplace has, for some time now, been both a fashionable and hotly debated issue in America. When it's not on the news, it's in a soap.

South Africa will not be left behind. In fact the issue has taken a short cut, straight to the Industrial Court in Pretoria: Ms Marie Dean, presiding officer at the court, has laid a complaint of sexual harassment against her fellow presiding officer, Mr Arthur de Kock, who denies the allegation.

Mr De Kock was formerly a senior partner at Hofmeyr, Van der Merwe, Johannesburg's best known Afrikaans law firm. He joined the Industrial Court after his retirement.

Ms Dean says she was extremely distressed when, one day at the office, he approached her from behind and allegedly put his hand down the back of her skirt; he apparently says he only touched her shoulder. Someone appears to be very confused about the finer points of anatomy.

Mediation talks are presently under way at the court in terms of the Labour Relations Act. If they fail, the matter may yet go to trial.

CITY DIARY

The poor quality of the press coverage of Cape Town City Council and its affairs could explain ratepayers' traditional lack of interest in municipal affairs, allowing Councillors to run amok with their money. No Cape newspaper employs a senior reporter to report with authority on Municipal and Council affairs. It might not only be due to poor news judgement, or in order to save money on senior staff: Any newspaper that dares to criticise the Council, is instantly blackballed by the Council.

For running a few half-critical stories last year, the **Sunday Times Metro** edition — read by more Cape Town ratepayers than any other news publication — gets none of the Council's lucrative official ads and notices. The **Cape Times**, on the other hand, is always polite to Councillors and senior officials, so gets the Council ad money. Perhaps Cape Times readers should be asking themselves whether they are buying the paper to read the truth about their City Council — or for the privilege of reading the Council's ads. The only exception in the Cape press is **City Diary**, a column which appears in seven "knock-n-drop" newspapers owned by Argus-controlled **Unicorn Press**. It is written by **Tony Robinson**, who was recently awarded the Sanlam Award for the best column in the "local" press in South Africa. His biting and accurate writing is a constant thorn in the side of the City Council — which frequently complains about him, unsuccessfully, to the Press Council.

Before you go giving the Argus company any credit for this, please note that as part of the company's *el cheapo* policy for running newspapers — you

fill the pages with whatever copy you can get for free — they happen to have appointed Robinson to edit no fewer than seven suburban papers. Besides having the rare skill of being able to produce all these advertising news sheets at once, Robinson, a salt-of-the-earth penman, just happens to be passionately interested in Council affairs, so the group get his column for free. It is a pity that such a column does not feature prominently in the mainstream "quality" press - but then, of course, it might get the status and have the impact it deserves. Which is not necessarily what friend **Doug Band** and his merry band at Argus newspapers want. After all, their business is adspend and entertainment. And Band is an accountant whose business is money, not information.

TOLLGATE MAY TOLL FOR THE BROEDERS, TOO

The Tollgate saga rolls on in the Cape Supreme Court before the elderly and irritable Mr Justice **Harold Berman**, who, while threatening former MD **Julian Askin** with rough justice if he does not return to South Africa from London to "answer some questions", he has at the same time the case appears not to be aimed at getting to the bottom of what some of the other major role players might have contributed to the Tollgate debacle.

Which is not surprising, considering that all the lawyers employed in administering and investigating Tollgate in liquidation, are closely associated with the parties that do not wish to have their role investigated: **Volkscas** and **Trustbank**).

No-one seems to have given any attention to the extraordinary number of **Volkscas** directors, managers and frineds that were also directors, at one time or another in the past, of Tollgate and its various extremely costly subsidiaries. Or at the shady deals that were struck in secret, possibly to benefit the bankss, at other shareholders' and creditors' expece.

If that is so, Mr Askin could be a very useful scapegoat and diversion to distract public - and judicial - attention from the bigger issue.

In our next issue we will open the Tollgate into the black financial heart of the Broederbond. Be there.

Judge and be Damned — Part II

In their by now infamous judgement in the appeal of *General Lothar Neethling vs Vrye Weekblad and the Weekly Mail*, the judges of the Appeal Court in Bloemfontein held that our Common Law does not accord any specific role or privilege to the press in a democratic State. The Judges were wrong: Wrong about the facts of the case and in their analysis of those facts (see nose6); wrong about the press; and wrong about the law.

The Appeal Court of the Republic of South Africa has an extraordinarily arrogant, patronising and undemocratic view of the South African public. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Court has the same view of the press, which the Court despises for giving the public what it "wants".

The Court has no hesitation in declaring that the general public has no legitimate interest in information and allegations about the secret existence of police hit squads, set up to murder and illegally harass opponents of the government. The only interest ordinary citizens have in such matters, according to the judges, is as a means of satisfying their curiosity and lust for gossip.

In short, the Appeal Court found it was not in the public interest for police Captain Dirk Coetzee's full account of the death squads to be made public. At most, says Judge Hoexter (with all his brothers' concurrence), if the newspapers were really so concerned (and the court's scepticism is obvious), they should have privately informed the Commissioner of Police, or otherwise the Minister of Law and Order, for them to investigate it.

The Court does not find it necessary to consider the probabilities of what the outcome of such a report - in 1984 or 1989 - to the police or a cabinet minister, such as, say, Louis le Grange or Abraham Vlok, was likely to be. The reason is obvious: The judges of the Appeal Court have always trusted the Commissioner of Police (and, of course his senior officers) and the members of the cabinet - whether in 1974, or in 1989, or in 1994. Practical considerations, and possibly personal predisposition, dictated that they should. They are, by definition, part of the same structure. There's the rub and the difference: The experience of the majority of South Africans, myself included, leads us to believe that we would have been most unwise to place

our trust in the hands of many senior police officers, and certainly in those of most members of the cabinet.

The court did not bother to assess the role of the press in a democratic society, or take expert evidence on how, in practice, the press functions. It did not come as a complete surprise, therefore, that, when it came to assessing the law, the judges' finding was as primitive and superficial as it had been on the facts (see nose6 and next page).

To be able to carry out and enforce

THE PRESS AND THE LAW

blatantly unjust and immoral laws, all of them have participated in - or developed an insensitivity to - the progressive destruction of our Roman Dutch Common Law. Just how grotesque a proposition that is, becomes clear when one is reminded that our Common Law developed over two millennia, and was articulated by some of the greatest minds of Classical Rome and Renaissance Europe. The fundamental feature of our Common Law is its dedication to a rational search for justice, based on an understanding of civilised principle and liberal humanitarian values.

Deprived of fundamental moral principle, the practice of law must increasingly become a measure of the arrogance and opinionatedness of judge and lawmaker; entirely appropriate, of course, to the racist and authoritarian climate that has prevailed in our country for so long.

Judge Hoexter, author of the Appeal judgement in the Neethling case, in fact begins his analysis of the legal position with some references to classical Roman Law, and a restatement of it by Voet, the great Dutch jurist.

In terms of Common Law principle, the court was called upon to decide whether, in a particular case - this case - public policy justified the publication [of particular defamatory information] and therefore required that it be found to have been lawful.

Now, of course, to seek specific references to the press in the ancient Common Law authorities would be absurd. The Press did not exist in the time of classical Rome or of Renaissance Holland. Nor, in those times, did huge national states exist with a popular democratic form of government. In a sense they could not have, because the forms of mass communication necessary for a popular democracy to function did not exist.

In a democracy it is the people who ultimately make the decisions of government. In order to make rational, informed and just decisions, the people need information, and to debate and formulate opinions. In a large democratic state, that can only be achieved through mass communications media such as the press, radio, TV and an efficient telephone and postal service.

The media not only disseminate information, they must do so effectively, while it is relevant: Their business is to disseminate news, not history or Appeal Court judgements, passed four years after the events have taken place.

Mass media might not have existed in ancient Rome or 17th Century Holland, but the very basis of our Common Law is the insight that justice requires rational, informed decisions. One only needs to apply this insight to the requirements of a popular democracy, to arrive at the special and essential role of the media.

It is completely consistent with the principles of our Common Law, therefore, to, in a democracy, accord the press a special role - and to accord it those privileges necessary for it to perform its function.

And just as the Courts take account of accepted practice and professional experience and ethics in business, accountancy and medicine, so they should, rationally and justly, do so when it comes to judging the media.

The press is not the final judge of information. The press merely conveys or submits information or "evidence", and offers alternative arguments regarding its truth and significance.

Readers and other, competing, media may challenge the accuracy of the information, tender different information or propose another interpretation. It is the readers out there, each with access to their own sources of information, who will judge, also by their own experience, how they wish to react. Subjecting information to the so-called "sunshine test" of publication can be an important way of establishing the truth. More often than not, readers will decide to ignore the information as being irrelevant, wrong, or simply not to their taste.

Opinion polls reveal that most people retain a healthy scepticism of what they read in the press. Which does not mean they do not want or need newspapers with current information; simply that it is in the nature of human beings to question the reliability and relevance of every bit of information they receive, by judging the credibility of the source, testing the logic of the argument; and by comparing it with previously acquired knowledge.

The Founding Fathers of the United States of America came to understand at the close interrelationship between popular democracy and free access to information and a diversity of opinion, by much the same route. But, in the Neethling case, our Appeal Court saw fit to dismiss the law of the assertively democratic United States as somehow eccentric, and of no value as an aid to assessing the role and rights of the press in South Africa.

The American Republic was, of course, established in reaction to an English aristocratic oligarchy, which judges of the "old" South Africa would naturally have found much more amenable.

The Appeal Court judges also avoid the intellectual and moral responsibility - imposed by our Common Law - of having to rationally assess the nature of a popular democracy and the role of the press in it. Instead they prefer to quote extensively from foreign judgements on the press that have their origin in the courts of 19th Century England and its erstwhile empire - a legal system that is still more primitive and less democratic than our own Common Law, having traditionally served the interests of - and been dominated by - an entrenched privileged class. (Hence, also, the title of their Lordships.)

Even so, readers will agree, the Appeal Court's implied claim - in 1993 - to shared values with the "English speaking world" comes across as somewhat forced and, maybe, just a little rich.

Did the Judges read the record?

In their judgement the Appeal Court judges return repeatedly to their (no doubt reassuring) finding that Captain Dirk Coetzee had a grudge against the police, which inspired him to invent his hit squad story - to embarrass the police in general and, for some still unexplained reason, General Lothar Neethling, head of the Police forensic laboratory, in particular.

I testified under oath at the trial. In my evidence I stated that Coetzee had made the same disclosures to me early in 1984. Initially he did so to demonstrate, with pride, what his police unit was able to do. His disclosures to me at that time included an account of how General Neethling had provided his unit with poison, which they administered to two prisoners.

Some time after he had made these disclosures to me, an incident occurred causing Coetzee to feel that certain of his police colleagues had let him down.

I saw Coetzee regularly throughout the period and was therefore able to follow the progress of events at first hand, including those events that led to his subsequent disillusionment with the Police.

At the Appeal, General Neethling's new counsel, advocate Fanie Cilliers S.C., sought to discredit Captain Coetzee by suggesting that he had invented the poison story to avenge himself. But this argument is only persuasive if it was found that Coetzee had told the story for the first time after his fallout with his Police colleagues.

At the trial, when I was asked when I had met Coetzee (to be told his story), I explicitly stated: "it must have been early in 1984". This was before his fall out with the police. To overcome this obstacle to his argument, Adv. Cilliers now suggested to the Appeal Court that my evidence as to when I was told should be ignored because, he argued, it "lacked any clear chronological point of reference".

While at the trial I was not asked for a "clear chronological point of

reference" (In fact Neethling's counsel at the trial made it clear that he accepted my words to mean exactly what they stated), the record contains at least two such references: I had stated that I had got to know Captain Coetzee with his friend, Frans Whelpton, whom I met "late in 1983, at the time when the Minister of Manpower, Mr Fanie Botha was forced to resign". This is an easily verifiable date. In addition, I explained that some time after getting to know Coetzee, and his story, I had had contact with him about possible illegal telephone tapping by the police - the incident that would ultimately precipitate the fallout with his colleagues. The time that this incident occurred can also easily be determined. Judge Hoexter, with no reference to this evidence, nevertheless finds "considerable force" in advocate Cilliers' argument.

Judge Hoexter also rejected the trial court's finding - that Coetzee had told me that he had obtained the poison from General Neethling personally - as an "overstatement of the effect of what Welz in fact said". In support of this contention, Judge Hoexter claims (again quoting advocate Cilliers) that I had been able to say "no more than that 'they' had obtained poisons 'from the police laboratories' and that the name of Neethling had been 'mentioned'."

The judge then claims that, looked at "dispassionately" it was "not improbable" that I had merely happened to mention the name of General Neethling as being the head of the forensic laboratory. He then proceeds to make a categorical finding: "The evidence of Welz is not to the effect that Coetzee explicitly stated to him that the appellant himself had supplied Coetzee with poison."

Given the judge's confident tone, one would hardly think to check the trial record - but, in fact, what the judge says is simply not true. He has not only not looked at the evidence dispassionately; he appears not to

have looked at the evidence at all, but to have relied on advocate Cilliers' distorted version of it.

The trial record reveals my evidence to have been: "He [Coetzee] then told ... how they had obtained poisons from the police laboratories - and he did name General Neethling by name at the time ... I say that because I don't recall the names of other policemen that were involved ... in this specific incident ..."

Only three pages further, in reply to a question, I said quite explicitly that I had been told "... that General Neethling had given poison ..."

At the trial, Neethling's former counsel conceded that Coetzee had told me that he had received poison from Neethling. In fact, counsel at the trial put it to me: "Did you discuss [with Vrye Weekblad] the fact that you could give useful evidence because Coetzee had told you, way back in 1984, that he had got poisons from General Neethling?"

Later in the record Neethling's counsel says again: "... you knew already in 1984 from what Coetzee had told you that General Neethling was involved in the poisoning of people?" To which I replied: "I knew that Coetzee had told me that, yes." One could hardly be more specific, but, had I been challenged on the point, I might have been. Which makes the fact that the Appeal Court even allowed Advocate

Cilliers to raise the argument on Appeal that much more incomprehensible.

While Judge Hoexter's misreading or misinterpretation of the evidence is cause for concern, it is his four colleagues' concurrence which is most disturbing. Is it possible that five senior Appeal judges could all misread a trial record so extensively? Or have they possibly not bothered to read the record at all, relying instead on the word of their trusted colleague? In either case it is not good enough, when five Appeal judges are expected each to have given the case their full and careful consideration.

— Martin Welz

Letter from Lesotho

by A Basotho

Lesotho sits in the shadow of the events taking place in Southern Africa. Here things are more occasional — the occasional hijacking, random killing or general election.

Maseru, the capital, is unlike the rest of Lesotho. For a start it is full of aid agencies, such as US Aid, Save the Children's Fund, the German Development Service, Danish Volunteer Service, the American Peace Corps, among others.

In recent times, the various agencies have, for political reasons, moved their money — and therefore their influence — to Pretoria, so as to be close to the "power".

Meanwhile, back in Lesotho, the government is beginning to wake up to the fact that this move has serious economic implications in terms of employment and revenue.

The aid agencies employ mostly local people and generally pay above average wages with corresponding contract conditions. They are also the largest users of State-run corporations such as the post office, the phone system and the power companies.

When the agencies leave there is nothing to replace them, hence the government's increasing desire to extract as much money as possible from them. There are alarming signs that the agencies' efforts in the community are being penalised to a point where they will become half as effective at twice the cost.

For example, all the agencies are heavily dependent on vehicles which they order through the United Nations vehicle pool, which effectively means that they get the vehicles at cost — e.g. a Toyota Land Cruiser for R60 000 instead of R200 000, and which they could sell on, after a couple of years' use, for possibly R100 000. At present the government does not tax these vehicles.

Once a project is established, the vehicles attached to it are often donated to the government so that it may continue the project. Most of

the good agencies have a declared policy of only being in a country for a short time, not only to fill a gap but to pass on their expertise. Well, that's the theory . . .

Now it is on the cards that the government will still allow the vehicles to be imported via the UN, but will tax them at 105% — effectively more than doubling the price of the vehicle. If the agency eventually hands the vehicle over to the government, they can apply for a complete tax rebate. If they sell the vehicle than they lose the tax.

This means the government either gets a tax free loan for two years plus a vehicle. Or it gets to keep an exorbitant rate of tax.

Either way means that the agencies and the charitable causes they are there to help are the ones that suffer, and either way the government wins.

Even more sinister is the way the various government departments are interfering in the agencies' work.

Take what is happening to one of the oldest and most reputable aid agencies. Happy to let the agency continue to raise the cash to start a project, the Lesotho government now wants the agency to hand over this money to a government unit and, when the project is complete, invoice the unit for the costs. The government will then fork out payment if it approves the way the project was run. In the intervening period, the agency has to fund the project itself, presumably

Yes, you have read it correctly, but just in case you don't believe it, let's run through it again.

You collect the money to build a clinic.

You give the money to me.

You then find the money again to build, equip and run the clinic. This might take you two or three years. And don't forget you have to keep yourself and your staff while you are doing this.

When everything is done, send me an invoice and I'll pay you, out of your original money, for the work. Or maybe I won't — because if I don't like the front steps of your clinic, I will possibly decide not to pay you anything at all; but I will keep the clinic.

Have a lovely day, thanks for you help!

diagNOSING



Marketing. Mr Feinstein was once a reporter on the Rand Daily Mail - but his muti didn't seem to bring much luck to that newspaper.

Some unsporting black magazines have refused to print his medical advertisements. Shame! When he can produce testimonials like this!

from Mr D.M.:

"When it came to sex I was a very small man. Also I could not stay hard. I was very embarrassed and my girlfriend left me. I tried different ointments. The I got a special powder from Dr Mashiza, and in six weeks I saw a big difference. I feel like a real man now."

**Our consultant
Dr Barnes is IN**

Do you want to -

- * Have a strong erection? R65
- Protect your taxi from accidents? R45
- * Give a woman more pleasure? R45
- Have good luck in a court case? R60
- Pass your driving test? R55
- Make your drink-weakened liver stronger? R35
- Stop bad dreams? R24
- ** Fall pregnant? R80

* male readers only **female readers only

Send your cheque to the magical Inyanga Dr Mashiza of Cape Town and any of the above ailments and problems can be cured.

As soon as he gets your money (no C.O.D.) he will mix a special powder and send it to you. Here's what he says:

"If you need LUCK then you will be amazed at what happens. If you are weak in sex or have a too small problem then my secret powder will make you feel BIGGER and STRONGER." (gettit?)

Inyanga Dr Mashiza, who claims in his brochure to have cured many people all over South Africa was trained in the Transkei and Natal "for many years by VERY WISE OLD MEN".

He is so successful that even his catalogue, he says, can bring good luck and good health.

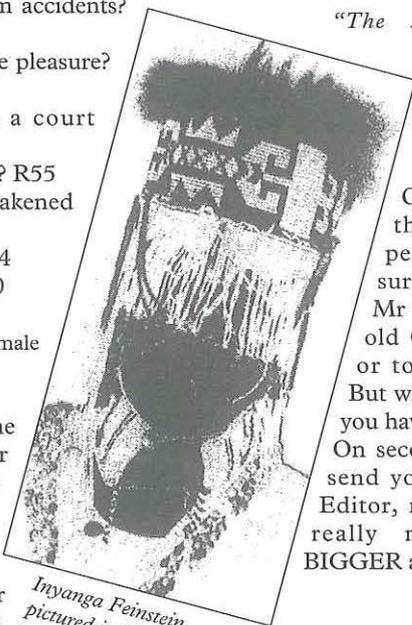
noseWEEK has discovered that the good doctor has been passing for white for years. He goes by the name of Mr Martin Feinstein, Chairman of Concept

from Mr M.F. :

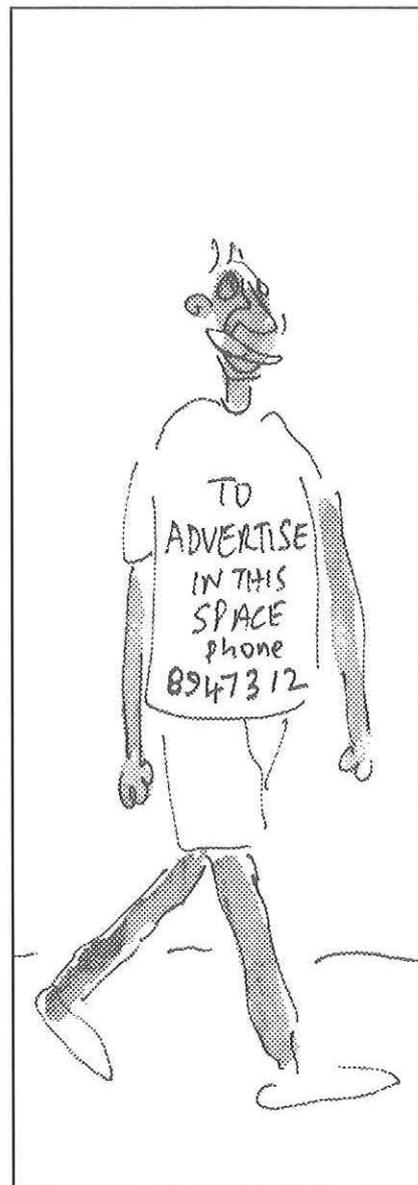
"The spirits of the ancestors are definitely working through Dr Mashiza."

Of course, given the doctor's two personas, we aren't sure if the ancestors Mr M.F. refers to are old Granny Feinstein or to Gogo Mashiza. But who cares as long as you have your health?

On second thoughts, just send your money to the Editor, noseWEEK - it'll really make him feel BIGGER and STRONGER.



Inyanga Feinstein, pictured in his brochure



GERMAN LESSON

The Pretoria Deutsche Schule is one of the German schools in this country which are manned by teachers brought from Germany and paid by the German Government.

Until recently, only German-speaking children have been permitted in the primary school, where the medium of instruction is German.

The admission of the white, English-speaking child, who has no German background, to the Pretoria German Primary School, would seem to mark a major policy change.

The reason for the change emerged when, soon after, the headmaster of the Deutsche Schule, one Herr Dr Durr, penned a testimonial for his first English speaking pupil. The testimonial was addressed to another German organisation, the SADK, and concerned the Doktor's wish to have the child included on a student "cultural" exchange in order to be rapidly "emersed" in the German language.

A translated extract from the good Doktor's letter reads:

"In view of the radical changes facing our education system we expect to be confronted more and more with the issue of English and Afrikaans-speaking parents wanting to enrol their children at the Deutsche Schule in order to become part of an education system that offers an internationally recognised qualification for school-leavers. We as Germans should support such an idea on a broader basis, since this will enable us to win friends for our German cause."

What German cause might interest "English and Afrikaans speaking" South Africans? And what do the German speaking parents, some of whom send their children to the schule because of their supposed liberal values, feel about a headmaster who speaks in such terms?

It is also interesting to note that the good Doktor doesn't expect to have a rush of Zulu, Xhosa or Sotho-speaking parents wanting to enrol their children at the Deutsche Schule. Or are these not the sort who are encouraged to go for the Cause?

When the Deutsche Schule Board of Governers realised that Herr Doktor's little tract had reached noseWEEK, a positively Wagnerian storm und drang of retraction and denial ensued. The Doktor didn't actually mean what he said. Possibly.

The Doktor himself was not available for comment.

The Arts need UN aid

We know that the future of the arts in SA hangs on a slender thread. Do the UN observers and foreign journalists covering the election realise that hope for the future rests squarely on their shoulders? Non-partisan reporting of political events is one thing; what is universally hoped is that, while they are here, they will pay for the privilege of attending the theatre, music and art shows whose local audiences are sitting fearfully at home, barricaded behind security fencing or listening for the warning growl of the Rotweiler - In Soweto and Mitchells Plain, no less than in Bryanston and Rondebosch.

Pince Nez



Good morning. we are from the Poetry Society, can we come in and tell you about Hopkins' sprung rhythm?

Maureen Barnes puts her



DISCLOSURE by Michael Crichton (Random House)

Germans ran amok in *The Andromeda Strain*; dinosaurs went wild in *Jurassic Park* and in *Rising Sun*, the devious Japanese were getting out of control and forgetting their place. In Michael Crichton's new novel, it's those awful women who are the latest threat to Western Civilisation.

There's this really nice guy called Thomas Sanders. He works as an executive at a high-tech company. Everybody likes him because he's so honest and true. Tommy is late for the office on the day he is expecting to hear about his promised promotion. Why? Because he has nobly stayed to give his children breakfast. (This was to help his high-powered lawyer wife who is disorganised at home, and who never has nice comforting food in the fridge like his mum used to have.)

When he reaches the office his world is

shattered. Not only is the promotion off, but he has a new boss, Meredith Johnson — an ex-girlfriend who has clawed her way to the top. Note the masculine name sported by the lady — presumably to subliminally remind us that This Tough Lady has Balls. And the company they both work for is called Digicom — gettit?

Anyway, Tom doesn't actually say anything bad about her, but he does spend many paragraphs thinking in wonder about how this one-time bimbo could ever have managed to become a businessperson.

His misgivings are justified when, before the day is over, nasty Meredith lures him to her office, locks the door, plies him with chilled Chardonnay and starts removing his clothes — making it clear that it isn't his Curriculum Vitae she's interested in. Tommy the Good, naturally, rejects her advances and escapes back to his wife, who, unfortunately, decides tonight's the night for a bit of slap and tickle. After his day at the office Tom is repulsed by the idea and tells her he's got a headache. By this time he feels — and what man among you will blame him? — that all women are too disgusting for words.

There's worse to come — or not to come, given our hero's virtuous *coitus interruptus*. Next day he finds himself accused by Meredith of that currently fashionable and dreadful crime, sexual-harassment-in-the-workplace.

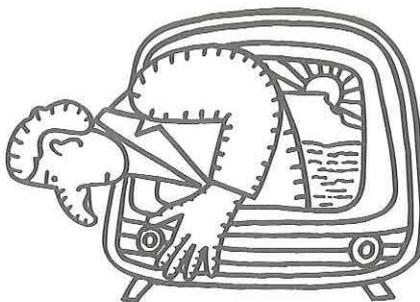
Tommy is *truly appalled* and naturally

decides to fight back ... but is sexual harassment what it's all about, or is there a murkier motive? There is, and Tom, besides hiring a hard-edged lady lawyer to fight his case (no room for gentlemen in this dirty fight), rushes around trying to get to the bottom of the mystery, while being careful not to sabotage prospects for a merger on which his company is embarking.

It's all good dirty corporate fun and, as usual, Crichton puts in a few statistics to back up his current pet paranoia.

This doesn't mean you won't find *Disclosure* an enjoyable read; it is, particularly for the men who will hang onto every page hoping all the female beasties get their comeuppance. Just keep in mind that in the real world women have a long way to go before they reach the boardroom level of unprincipled behaviour achieved by some men in business. And . . .

[Enough. Knowing what women are like, we'd better cut her off here, or she'll ramble on and on . . . - Ed.]



**nose
ON THE BOX**

Don't you just hate adverts which pretend to be editorial? All those plugs for products, hotels, and persons which are so blatant on SABC radio and TV? They generally irritate me, but the free cover being given to Eugene Terre'blanche is downright depressing.

Just because they can't find an interviewer who can handle him, is no excuse for giving the man hours of free propaganda time.

While his recent telephonic debate with Rowan Cronje over the Bop debacle, might have made good TV, it was a disgraceful production. The debate should first have been introduced with an unbiased and independent news review of the events under discussion. Although, apparently, scenes of pot shots being taken at civilians are quite rare because the AWB lads have an unpleasant habit of attacking cameramen who film such incidents, and making off with the film — and sometimes the camera. However, the absence of such material could have been clearly stated before Mr Terre'blanche was allowed to mount his soapbox.

And, as they had a surprise package in the shape of Rowan Cronje waiting in the wings, then there was no point at all in inviting three journalists to the studio for a discussion, only to leave them sitting there while ET embarked on a one-man show which would have put Patrick Mynhardt to shame.

John Battersby, the only journalist with enough determination to get a valid point across, had actually been injured in Bop by Gene's goons. So he must have had quite a firsthand story to tell, if only anyone had had the sense to ask him to tell it.

Apparently ET's bullying tactics worked very well with the SABC — which is going to need fumigating

before it undergoes any fundamental change. He insisted on having eight armed guards in the control room. (Mr Mandela and President De Klerk bring only one.) He refused to go on unless a right wing journalist was present, so they hauled in a guy from Die Afrikaner; he demanded that he was not to be interrupted and allowed to finish all his answers. All of his orders were carried out by the Uriah Heaps of the news service.

Before the arrival of the cavalry in the shape of Rowan Cronje, the only skirmish he seems to have lost in the studio was his attempt to get the make-up artist to cover up Battersby's black eye — received at the end of an AWB fist.

No matter how entertaining ET's performance, surrendering all honour to a bully is far too high a price to pay.

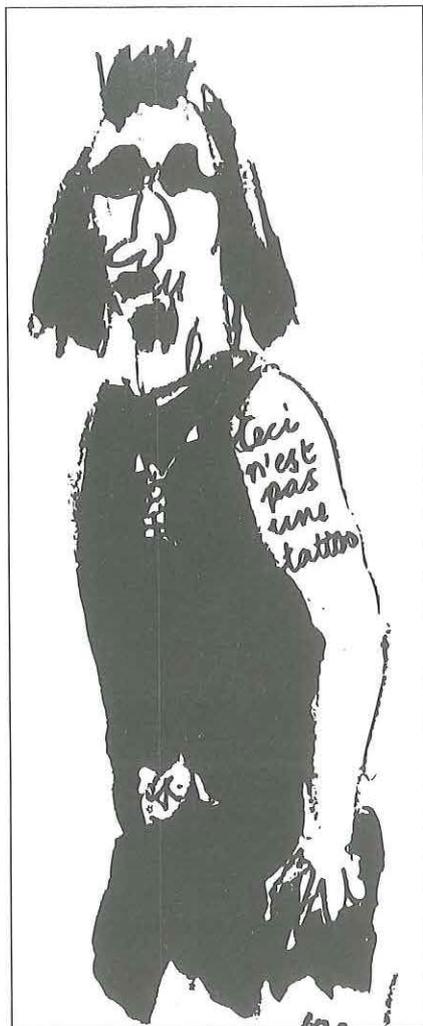
A dish of a different colour is cookery, or the lack of it on SATV. They won't screen cookery programmes, regardless of how popular the subject would be, without sponsorship. In other words, they won't mount a cookery programme themselves, it has got to be brought to them complete. So to be able to produce one, cooks have to go to food product people and retailers to get sponsorship — that's why people say "take 250 grams of Puke and Play's mince" which, for knowledgeable cooks, even if amateur, just takes away the credibility. And when SATV gets its sticky little hands on the programme, they then add insult to injury by selling ads before, during and after the already heavily laced show.

Anne Myers's recent series "Food for Life" which was shown on TV1 on Saturday mornings — usually unadvertised, was a case in point. The series was beautifully filmed and Ms Myers has come up with some excellent recipes, but the amount of promotion during the too-short ten minute programme was ridiculous.

Another point — The food was prepared by the presenter, actress Wilna Snyman. I've got a lot of time for Ms Snyman as an actress, but as a cookery presenter she is less effective. She was so posh and spoke in such dowager-like tones that it was a bit like being taught aerobics by Lady Bracknell.

I heard Ms Myers live on radio and she was articulate, witty and down to earth. It is hard to understand why she didn't present her own food on TV.

— Maureen Barnes



Pigging Out...



South African Style

HOHENHORT HOTEL, Constantia
BAKOVEN, Stellenbosch

Dinner by candlelight at the Hohenhort Hotel in Constantia is Mills and Boon time, chaps. And if ever we need a bit of romantic escapism it's now.

Imagine it . . . drinks on the terrace on a late summer evening, the moon hanging in the branches of a giant oak tree, the stars twinkling above a dark mountain. As I sat there, I dropped 20 years and 20 kilos and acquired a tumbling mane of blonde tresses which I tossed about quite a lot. I felt a bit like a Fiona. My escort suddenly turned into Tarquin — dark, mysterious and dangerous to know. The muted chatter of fellow guests accentuated the vast silence of the surroundings — broken only by the sound of Egyptian geese settling down on a lake nearby, and the odd cricket having a buzz. (Fiona thought she'd heard a nightingale.)

We sipped G and T's and nibbled canapes — Tarquin's breath quickened over something he munched which had walnuts and aubergines in it — while pondering over the menu. We ordered and lingered awhile before being called to our table. I floated on Tarquin's arm into the blue and yellow restaurant in a haze of *Je Reviens*, black chiffon and glittering jewellery. Well . . . almost.

The food was delicious. I won't bore you with a list; While exchanging smouldering glances over glasses of Klein Constantia Sauvignon Blanc, Tarquin masterfully consumed a main course of Roast Pekin Duck with Cape Gooseberry sauce (crisped to order) and Fiona nibbled delicately on Lamb Ravioli on a bed of Roasted Vegetables

(the ravioli, not Fiona).

Then Tarquin rather ruined his image by going over the top and devouring Almond Crème Brûlée. I mean, heroes are supposed to reserve their groans of satisfaction for rather different delights than pud!

Tables in the restaurant are the perfect distance apart — you can't hear a word of a neighbour's conversation and, being noseWEEKERS, we really tried — and most generously proportioned. No need to remove ashtrays, side plates, bread, butter, flowers and lighting to make room for a plate of food, even on a table for two.

We tried to find something wrong with our magical evening, just so our sophisticated readers would realise how really clever we are — but honestly couldn't. Except perhaps for one item on the menu — Cape Crayfish, or Crayfish Mayonnaise (to order 24 hour notice) — which at R85 seems horrendously expensive — even for tourists. Perhaps the 24 hours notice gives you time to raise a loan?

Such perfection is what you should expect from a first-rate establishment anywhere in the world. But there's more to The Hohenhort than that, and its definitely Liz McGrath.

What a clever woman she is. Widowed after a lifetime's happy marriage, she didn't sit around contemplating a bottle of blue rinse; investment in a retirement home or a world cruise. Instead, she decided to open an hotel — and beat the professionals at their own game.

First she turned the grotty old one-star Lookout Hotel at Plet into the chic Plettenberg — now a magnet for yuppies; then she acquired The Cellars, a rather stylish small country inn in Constantia which she enlarged and improved. A year or so ago she bought the adjoining property which included the old Hohenhort Hotel and has amalgamated the two within a picturesque garden.

McGrath's superb sense of style, coupled with a genuinely hospitable nature, has created something uniquely South African. The Hohenhort is run by General Manager, Deon Lotz, who has trained a team of enthusiastic young people to do it just right — there's none of that European red plush hush, white gloves and silver-covered formality. You won't find any clicking of heels here; no bowing, no scraping, no impersonal efficiency. It is all refreshingly à la Cape. Light, bright, and friendly — achieved, as these things can only be, by a highly professional approach. Chef Christiaan Campbell manages to adapt

international cuisine to local style, and the portions, thank goodness, are New South African — generous without being gross.

The Hohenhort, which seemed to Fiona to be more like Tarquin's stately home than an hotel, is simply a wonderful place to be in.

Which leads me to another super meal we've had in the Cape recently and that was breakfast one Saturday morning at the Bakoven tea room in the busy Trust Bank Centre in Stellenbosch. The Centre was teeming with students, families and farming folk in for the weekly shop and it was all go.

The Bakoven isn't a haven of peace — no space between tables here, in fact you have to just about climb over the other tables to get to yours. The place was packed and we won a minor skirmish to grab a vacated, well almost vacated, table in the window.

We had a couple of visitors from England with us and they had a great old time, quite apart from fainting with shock at the cheapness of the meal — R6,69 for the full English breakfast.

They couldn't stop muttering "Gawd — all this for under two pounds!"

Manager Gina Toerien heads a team of four great waitresses, all of whom have been there for years — chatting, cheering-up and mothering their appreciative customers (many of them students away from home) with great good humour and tons of efficiency.

Our breakfasts — English and Continental — were deliciously sinful. We dug into masses of crispy bacon, tomatoes, freshly fried eggs, hot toast, newly-baked scones, jams and honey. All served fast with lashings of cheery bonhomie from waitress Wilma.

Good food, good service and kindness — at the right time and the right place. That's what it's all about really, isn't it?

Mo-Tori

nose under fire



noseWEEK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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 DOUG ROBERTS after-hours architectural lessons given (no professionals) R15/hour (cash only) Phone 231330. This ad placed as a public service by The Barbie Dolls, who wish him a happy 1994. [1711]
 SEAN JAMES - Happy New Year with love and kisses from yr favourite waitress, Melony.
 BRETT K - Sorry we could not publish your nude picture in Playboy but pages were too small. Terry. [But see fold-out in next edition of noseWEEK - Ed]
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